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A Popular Young Queen.

CHRISTIAN MAIDEN OF EIGHTEEN ON THE THRONE OF A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY. CAREFULLY EDUCATED FOR HER DUTIES.

The dreams of youth, the aspirations of middle life, and the reflections of old age, are all centred upon some throne. It may be a political throne, an intellectual throne, a commercial throne or the throne of some industrial enterprise. And when some maiden of eighteen summers is advanced to the throne of a constitutional empire, all these dreams, aspirations and reflections are set a-tingling with revivified enthusiasm. Though royalty has never thrived on the American continent, there still remains a certain halo of romantic interest around such an elevation to power. This is especially true in the case of Wilhelmina, queen of Holland, so universally beloved by her people, and who is endeavoring to fit herself to fully perform her responsible duties. The assembling at The Hague of the greatest international peace convention the world has ever witnessed, adds to her prominence and general popularity.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

English writers do not fail to comment on the fact that Wilhelmina has assumed the government of the Netherlands only a year younger than Queen Victoria. Should she live so long and rule so beneficently, she will merit a like praise, even though her small empire of 6,000,000 inhabitants is shut in by dikes, with the exception of her thirty million subjects in the East Indies.

Much curiosity naturally centres in the education of a royal personage. Queen Wilhelmina was not considered a probable successor to the throne, owing to the fact that two princes by her father's first marriage, stood between her and the crown, but they both died—the second, Prince Alexander, on June 21, 1884. Up to that time her education had been planned for the acquirement of 'something of everything.' After that event, languages became the great point, until now the queen is proficient in English, German, French, Italian and a certain amount of Malay, the language spoken in her East Indian dominions. The young queen's elementary education was imparted to her by a schoolmaster of the Hague, who was succeeded by various professors, but from her fourth to her sixteenth year she had a resident English governess, Miss Saxton Winter. Her lessons were conducted with the strictest regularity, and she received the same holidays as other school children, neither more nor less. Her mother has made Dutch the language of the Court, whereas in her father's lifetime it was French. Greek and Latin were not included in the curriculum, but literature, geography, natural science, military tactics, Dutch law, international and colonial law, and jurisprudence have all played a part. It is said that she was not distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, but was a keen and conscientious worker. For the piano she had no affection, and soon gave it up—music altogether has little charm for her.

She was confirmed at the age of sixteen, as a member of the Dutch Calvinistic Church, and it is worthy of note that she has a strong religious tendency. When she attends divine service, she joins the rest of the congregation with heart and soul in the psalm-singing.

Among the anecdotes told of her early childhood, while she was still the crown Princess, was this, that one day she and her governess went for a walk from the Hague to Scheveningen, a seaside resort about two miles distant. On the way the weather became threatening, and the Princess suggested to Miss Winter that they should take a tram. Miss Winter fell in readily with this idea, hailed a passing tram, and bade the Princess step in.

'No,' said her royal charge; 'everyone else must get out first.'

The governess considered this haughtiness so out of place, that she told the tram to drive on, and made the Princess walk home. It is a proof of the excellent manner in which the queen-regent brought up her daughter, that she highly commended Miss Winter's conduct in the matter.

Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria of Orange-Nassau—to give the girl-queen her full name—was born Aug. 31, 1880. For a short time she was called Pauline, but after her baptism on Oct. 12, she was known as Princess Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Her mother, Emma Wilhelmina Theresa, Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, is forty years of age, and is the sister of the Duchess of Albany. She was the second wife of William III., who was sixty-three years old when Wilhelmina was born.

Her father, William III., was a great contrast to her clever and refined mother, the queen regent. His education was limited, his manners rough, and his habits dissipated; but his redeeming point was his strong, unswerving sense of justice. Everything that was not strictly straightforward, fell under his ban, but for all that he was not in touch with his people. After his death, Queen Emma was appointed sole regent and guardian of the young queen.

Queen Wilhelmina is well provided with this world's goods. She has six palaces, and an income of $250,000. Should she marry the brother-in-law of a playmate, as rumor predicts, her future happiness will seem assured. What attitude she may take towards dividing her authority with him will then be a subject of interesting speculation.—'Ram's Horn.'

Reaping by the Way.

In a London suburb, some time ago, a heavy storm began to descend, driving unprepared pedestrians into every available place of shelter. One gentleman, too delicate and well dressed to brave the storm, stood under the portico of a house of some pretensions. Presently, the door was opened, and a kindly voice said, 'Come in, for God's sake! I saw you standing up.'

'Thank you, indeed, for such kindness, especially when offered in God's name,' said the stranger, entering. He was ushered into

a spacious dining room, when his temporary host said:

'That was merely a form of speech, not to be taken seriously.'

'I am sorry,' said the other, 'for it dissipates that delightful vision of freemasonry in Him which your words conjured up before me.'

At this point a youth bounded into the room.

'O, father!' he said, 'I did not know any one was here. But I can't manage these questions. I wish you would write and say you do not wish me to go in for the Scripture examination. You can, you know—and what is the good of it?'

The father looked half-humorously toward the stranger. 'This sort of thing is more in your line than in mine,' he said. 'Could you give my son an opinion in the matter?'

'No,' said the other, 'I do not think an opinion would do much good; but perhaps I could help you with the questions,' he addressed the young student, 'while I am partaking of this generous shelter.'

The boy looked shy; then he said, in a manly way: 'Well, I wish you would, please. I don't like funking a thing that nearly all the others manage to do.'

The two so suddenly brought together, set to work. Soon the boy was deep in the subject and then he said: 'Why, this opens up no end of possibilities! Why, I am not going to be content with just knowing the answers to these questions. I must master the whole surroundings.'

His father looked pleased. He thanked the stranger, and said, 'How strange this all seems! Two hours ago I had never seen you; an accident causes us to meet and here you are coaching my son! You lay me under great obligation, and if I can serve you in any way——'

'You shall do so,' said the stranger, 'but remember I am more than happy to do this, for God's sake.'

'Ah, you have the best of me there!' was the reply.

After a mutual exchange of courtesies the stranger left, with a promise of further help to the boy, and giving his address. Six months later he received a letter from the youth, whom he had seen several times in the interval, telling of his father's desire to see him—he had a communication to make—would the stranger come at once? He went and found his genial rescuer from the storm in some distress of mind.

'My doctor tells me my days are numbered. There is my son, he esteems you highly. I shall have to leave him.'

'How is it with yourself? Your last letter was cheering.'

'How can I thank you or God? On a seeming accident hung all my eternal destiny. God sent you to me. I know no subtle methods of expression, I have no set doctrines, I know nothing of dogma—but I know God as my Saviour.'

'Then you are well provided for here and hereafter,' was the reply.

'Yes,' your coming that day in the storm was the beginning of new life to me. Every question of my heart was carried to the book, and there I found the answer. When my son told me the other day that he wished to become a minister of the Gospel, for that you had shown him Jesus, and he rejoiced in salvation, I was overjoyed. Then I heard my own death warrant; but I told my doctor it was all right for me, I only feared for my son.'

'Fear not,' said his friend, 'his feet are set upon a rock, his heart is right with God. He is a fine young Christian.'

Two months more and the patient was passing away.

'It is all gloriously bright,' he whispered. Nothing between!' I have such confidence in my loving Saviour—I am so weak, he is so strong—he calls me out of the storm, now.'

And presently he passed away, another testimony to the wonder-working, far-reaching, miraculous, converting power of the mercy, grace, and love of God, 'the only wise Saviour.'—'London Christian.'

Glad He Prayed.

Too many Christian parents neglect that which would prove to be the sweetest, dearest part of the whole day, through timidity or indifference. To such we would commend this little story which is related as being a true experience.

'For many years I was a nominal Christian, but never took any active part in church work. We had one child, a sturdy boy about three years old. We had no family altar; but my wife, who was an earnest Christian woman, always had the little boy say his prayers before he went to bed.

'Frequently after his prayer was finished, he would look up into his mother's face and say, "Mamma, why doesn't papa pray" She often told me about it, and urged me to have family prayers, but I was indifferent to her request.

'One Sunday evening the preacher's sermon contained a message for me, and I went home from service and took down the old Bible and said, "Wife, we'll have family prayers to-night." My little boy was all attention as I read the chapter, and as we knelt while I offered a brief and broken prayer. Then the little fellow climbed up into my lap, and put his arms around my neck, and said, as he kissed me, "I's so glad papa prayed."

'When his mother put him to bed that night, he kept repeating over and over, "I's so glad papa prayed." The next day I went to my work, and in the middle of the forenoon I was called home. While his mother was in the back part of the house, my little boy had climbed up on the open fire-grate to get something off the mantel. His little dress caught fire, and he ran screaming into the front yard. Before anyone could get to him his clothes were all burned off, and he was unconscious and lived but a short time.

'As I looked at the little body from which the spirit had gone to the Saviour of the little ones, the sweetest comfort was the words of my little boy, "I's so glad papa prayed." I would not take all the wealth of the world in exchange for the memory of those last words of my boy, "I's so glad papa prayed." My life belongs to my Master now, and I am living in the sweet hope of seeing my boy some day in heaven.'—'Union Gospel News.'

Guidance.

As a number of us were gathered around a blazing camp fire on the edge of a trout lake in the backwoods of Canada the other day, one of the fellows, apropos of something else, made a remark deprecatory of the large salary which a certain minister known to us all was getting. After a general discussion of ministers' salaries the conversation gradually drifted into a discussion of a calling in life. All were agreed that no one should enter the ministry without a definite call. 'But,' one asked, 'does that hold true in the case of an ordinary clerk? Suppose he finds himself with two positions open to him, one of which is considerably more advantageous than the other from a financial standpoint, and neither of which has any drawbacks from a religious standpoint, is it necessary that he should feel called to one or the other?'

'Well,' said another, as he wriggled a little nearer to the fire. 'I'll tell you how it was with me. I was a clerk in a railway station till I was eighteen. At that age I was converted, and as my position demanded Sunday work I gave notice next pay-day that I was going to leave, without any idea where I would find work. That winter I attended a business college in New York and did some work in the Y.M.C.A. Some time after, I was asked if I would not like to go into Y. M. C. A. work, and, though much against my inclination, feeling called to it, I accepted, and went to the training school.'

So he went on to tell us, with minute detail, how he had been providentially loaned money when it was most needed to help him through his training-school course, and how now as he looked back on the past he could see how each link of his life had been a distinct step forward in a consecutive path, though they seemed anything but that at the time they were made, and he attributes this to the fact that no decisive action had been taken without previous prayer for guidance.

When we try to make an unaided decision between two openings we can but see it as a single step, but God will give our path consecutiveness if we are willing to follow as he leads.

But how are we to know when God calls? Are we to pray and then to wait with blank minds for a feeling as to which is the best way? No; it is necessary to use our reason to the fullest extent, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of each proposed course, but to do so after prayer and from a Christian standpoint. We may appear to make mistakes even then, but any mistake which we may make while honestly trusting God for guidance and seeking to do his will, will certainly be overruled for good.

How did Abraham know the voice of God? Because Abraham was acquainted with God, and was willing to obey God. God says, 'I will guide thee with mine eye,' and it is evident that we cannot follow that kind of guidance unless we are constantly looking God in the eye. We cannot expect to receive guidance from God in times of difficulty or perplexity if we do not care for God's guidance when things seem to be going well with us.

God's call to Abraham required of him a great sacrifice, and God's call to service now always involves some sacrifice. But the reward which God gives for faithful service is infinitely greater than the sacrifice which he demands.—W., in 'Sabbath Reading.'

The Temperance Ship.

In a wake of light, with canvas as white
As foam on the waves of the sea,
Fast making her trip is the Temperance ship,
Bound to all lands that are free.

A flag is nailed fast to each tapering mast,
The flag of the free and the brave;
Rend the air with huzzas for the banner of stars
And the good old ship on the wave.

With Truth at the helm, though the waves overwhelm,
Not a thread will be torn from her sail.
Her colors are true as the Red, White, and Blue,
Hurrah for the ship in the gale!

The flag at her bow is stainless as snow,
The white flag of honor and peace;
And the canvas which crowds like clouds upon clouds,
Is soft as the wind-woven fleece.

On that deck, firm and true, stand the Captain and crew;
'All is well,' the commander cries;
'We shall gain the port, we shall storm the fort,
For victory goes where our banner flies.'

—George W. Bungay.

BOYS AND GIRLS

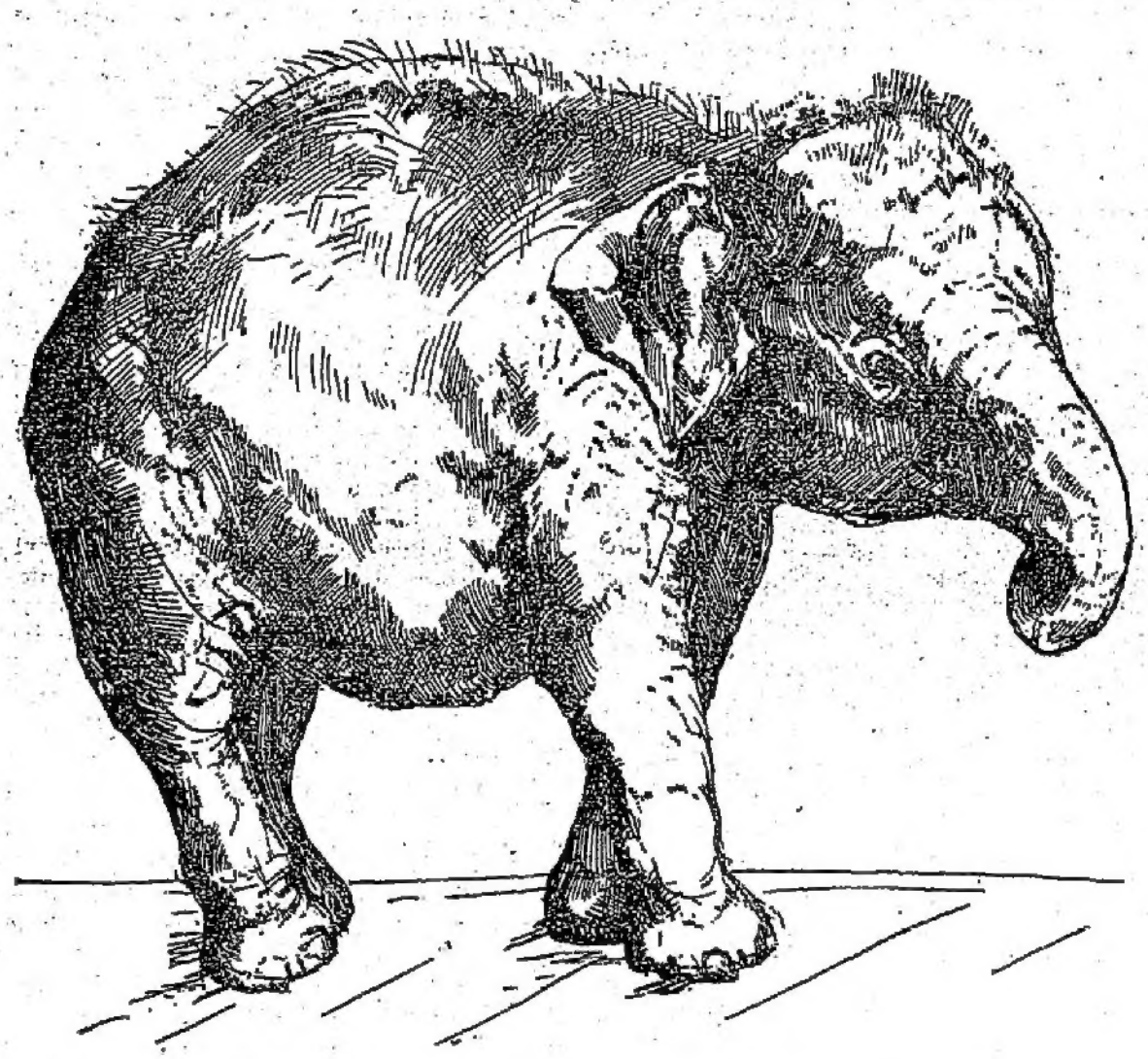
A Wonderful Elephant.

('Home Words.')

In our picture we have a life-like sketch of a young elephant, born in old England, far from its native jungle. Some day, perhaps, it will do duty in the Zoo, and carry half-a-dozen small riders on its broad back. Kindness is the great secret of training elephants. But, perhaps, a true story will be the best illustration of the fact.

It is told of a very old elephant, long since dead. Many years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. So great was his age that he became an object of the utmost reverence to the natives.

A garrison of English soldiers, commanded by officers, whose wives and children accompanied them, was posted near the rajah's grounds. One of the children, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached



A BABY ELEPHANT, BORN IN OLD ENGLAND.

to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after Lucknow, orders were received from Nina Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of Nina. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily killed. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, sent an orderly to bring the child to camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following, showed how English valour had been overmatched by numbers.

A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier entering the cottage, pursued him, and he rushed into the place and barred the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired the roof, thatched with rice straw, and then waited for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a rescuer made his appearance. The elephant, recognizing the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rushed toward the cottage. The sight of fire and the calls of the child repeating his name roused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys right and left, scattering them, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred elephant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river. His romantic history and great age induced the general commanding to send him to England.

For many years the boy used to write inquiring after the friend who preserved his life in so singular a manner.—R. S.

A Boy and a Lady.

(Eleanor A. Hunter in 'Christian Work.')

Physically he was very nearly perfect, and he was filled with such an abounding life that it was, I suppose, impossible for him to hold still for five consecutive minutes. It was a delight to see him run, and when he played baseball, which he did with all his heart, he was charming; but take him from any other point of view, and he was, to put it mildly, trying. He was a child of the streets, learned in their cruel knowledge, and he lived as they had taught him. He went to school, but did not advance in his studies, and did not care to. He was a master of the art of looking impudent in silence, and the different ways by which he could annoy his teacher were legion. She frankly avowed that he was 'a terror,' and delivered him over to the principal whenever she could for discipline. That gentleman spared not the rod, and between times he was scolded and 'kept in' by the lady. Some years of such treatment developed him both into a liar and a coward, and at the age of eleven all who knew him felt him to be incorrigible. Then it was that Margaret managed to get hold of him.

Margaret has rather a peculiar disposition; she likes boys, and apparently the worse a boy is the more she is attracted to him. He came to Margaret ostensibly to be helped in his arithmetic, but really she set her heart on making a man of him, and her idea was that the best way to begin would be to gain his affection; but after considerable experiment, so far as Margaret could discover, there seemed to be none to gain. Now Margaret is accustomed to winning love easily, but this time she was very nearly foiled, so the situation became rather amusing to the observer.

The boy came to see Margaret solely because he was compelled to do so by the powers that were at home. He knew he would be punished if he did not. This fact alone would naturally make him resist Margaret's charm; but the more stubborn, rude and sulky he became, the more her will was roused to conquer him. She wore her prettiest gowns for him, she arranged her parlor in the most attractive way. There were flowers in the vases and cake in the cupboard for that small boy, but none of these things moved him.

Margaret was faithfulness itself to her appointment. Other works of benevolence had to take the second place if they interfered with his hour. But in spite of all her efforts he was distinctly bored, and remained as rude, and sly, and dull as ever.

'I'm blundering awfully,' she sighed; 'I'm sure he's not so stupid as he looks, and nobody can make me believe that an eleven-year-old boy is heartless.'

Margaret was an idealist, and one day she had an inspiration which struck her family as an exquisite absurdity.

'I'm going to try him with the Arthurian Legends.'

The family laughed.

But that afternoon she read him a simple version of 'The Coming of Arthur.' When she came to the part where the Prince draws the brand excalibur from the anvil when no other knight could do it, the boy was stirred. 'I like that,' he declared. 'I like a feller that's strong, I'd like to know him. Is there more to that story?'

'Oh, yes,' responded Margaret, 'there are many stories about Arthur. In the next one there is a lovely fight, and if you will have your arithmetic quite perfect to-morrow I will read it to you.'

'All right,' said Boy loftily. 'I will if you will.'

He did, and Margaret read him the second chapter on 'Arthur Subduing His Kingdom.' The boy was captured, he would do anything for a story. From that time he came willingly, and they lived all the rest of the winter in a glorious vision of gallant knights and lovely ladies. There was the clang of armor, the crash of battle axe and spear, the joust, the tourney, the riding forth upon some noble quest, the glorious return. Many were the questions.

'How do you get into your armor?' 'How do you fight with spears?' 'Guinevere—who was she, anyhow?'

It was a far cry from the boy to the fair daughter of King Leodogran.

At first the great charm in the stories was that those old chaps invariably 'put up such a dandy fight,' but gradually as the boy became acquainted with Launcelot and Percival Galahad, new ideas dawned upon him, and the mathematics did not suffer. One night he came dashing in with shining eyes.

'Miss Margaret,' he cried, 'I'm promoted, and the "long division" did it.'

Margaret kissed him, he turned stiff in an instant, and she was afraid she had made a dreadful mistake; but she had not.

Soon after this she read him with a sweet solemnity the 'Search for the Holy Grail,' making sure he understood the meaning as she went along. When she had finished he went home very quietly with a new expression on his face.

Next evening his first question was, 'What became of Arthur when all his knights were gone?'

Then Margaret dared to do something at which I was surprised, but her instinct was a true one. She took her Tennyson and read to Boy the 'Mort d'Arthur.' Did he understand it? No, not all, but much he comprehended, for he had not been Margaret's companion for six months for nothing. When she came to that noble passage beginning, 'Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,' which has inspired so many hearts, the boy's face changed.

As the last words fell from her lips, her listener sprang from his seat and with one plunge he was beside Margaret. His head was on her shoulder, and he was clinging to her arm, while the tears ran down his cheeks. Margaret had won her boy.

'I'd like to be a knight,' he said. 'How do you get to be one?'

So Margaret told of how they took the little lad of seven from his home and gave him to some noble knight for training. She described the splendid education he received, and the gifts of hawk, and horse, and armor each in turn, and how at last, when he had learned all that noble knight or gentle lady could teach, the young esquire watched and prayed, fasting all night, alone in the lonely church, his maiden sword lying before him on the altar. And how, next day, in the presence of father and mother and all his loved ones, he took the vows of knighthood upon him—vows of 'utter hardihood, utter gentleness and loving, utter faithfulness in love, and uttermost obedience to the King.'

'But a feller can't do that now,' sighed Boy. 'There ain't no chance to be a knight these times.'

This is a true story, and a story of the present, so of course Margaret was ready for him with more than one narrative of the true knights of to-day who have fought in as gallant a quest as any knight of Arthur's ever won.

Whether Margaret's boy ever goes to West Point to learn how to become a modern knight, as he wishes to do, is an open question. But this much is surely true, he has surely learned through those old legends that to lie is a shame, to obey is honorable, to be brave is noble.

Never But Once.

Susan Field was nursemaid in the family of a country doctor, thirty miles from her native town. It was her first place, and Susan had never before been at any distance from home; and when she had been there a year, Susan longed for a sight of all the dear faces round the home fireside. Her mistress, who was well pleased with her young servant's willing and active services, readily gave her leave of absence for a fortnight; and Susan set out with eager, joyous heart on her short railway journey. Her little brothers and sisters met her at the station, and led her home in triumph to their mother, talking dancing round her all the way. The mother was rejoiced to have her daughter once more beside her, and proud to see her grown so womanly and looking so blooming and neat; and in the evening, when the father came home from his work in haste to welcome his eldest lassie, and they sat down together to the little feast that had been prepared in honor of her return, Susan thought she had never been quite so happy before in all her life. 'And who do you think is to be here to-morrow or next day, Susan' said her father; 'you've just come in good time.' 'Oh, I don't know,' said Susan, smiling, 'there are so many neighbors to see.' 'Aye,' said her father, 'but this is a neighbor you have not seen these nine years. I'daresay you won't mind him. It's your uncle Ralph, that's been so long in Canada. He wrote us last week that he had landed in London, and would be down here this week.' 'Here, Billy,' said the father a few minutes after, putting his hand in his pocket, 'we must have an extra pot of beer to-night for a treat to you all when Susan's come.' Billy took up the jug, but Susan laid her hand on her father's arm. 'Oh, no, father, please; at least not for me.' 'What for, lass?' said he, smiling; 'have you lost your taste for beer? You used to like a drop.' 'Well, so I did; and I daresay I might like it well enough yet; but you see the doctor's a teetotaler, and he and some other gentlemen used to give lectures in the village, and they told us how there's hardly any strengthening in the beer, and it only makes them weaker after, and how the men in the ironworks can work far longer—them that takes no beer or spirits, than them that do; and how so many get drawn in to be slaves to it before they know, and then they go to the bad altogether. And some of the books that Missis gave us to read told how even young girls often get into great trouble and disgrace just through a little drink; so I just put down my name to take no more, and I don't want ever to touch it.' 'Well, well, lass,' said the father with a good-natured smile; 'I wouldn't say but it's the best plan for a young lass like you; but I don't see I could do without my beer, though it's but a little I take.' 'But you never tried, father,' 'No, and I don't see as there's any need. You don't think I'm going to be a drinker, Susy, eh? You never saw me the worse of drink.' 'You, father! Oh no; only the doctor says nobody knows when they're safe that takes it at all. The little ones, who began to think their father had had a large enough share of Susan's attention, now broke in, and the subject was not taken up again. Two days after, the long-absent uncle arrived, and as his brother's house was full, he took up his temporary abode in a comfortable lodging in the same street. During the day his brother could see but little of him, being closely engaged at his work; but as soon as he was at liberty in the evening they set out together to seek out and visit some of Ralph's old acquaintances. Susan rather grudged the loss of her father's company, but she did not grumble, feeling that when he and his brother had been so long parted, it was but natural that they should wish to be together; and she had still time for a little chat with him when he came home to supper.

The next evening the two brothers went out again; and meeting a little knot of acquaintances in the street, Ralph said, 'Come, let us turn into Tom Harper's; I haven't seen him yet; and we can have a talk round his bar-room fire about old times.' Tom Harper of course made his guests heartily welcome, and while he sat with them and joined in their chat, did not neglect quietly to replenish their glasses as often as they were emptied; and as one after another called up a story of old times, and they talked and laughed and got more and more excited, they emptied their glasses far oftener than they were aware of, till at last, when they were obliged to separate, William Field was for the first time in his life helped home, thoroughly, helplessly drunk. What Susan and her mother felt it would be vain to try to describe; only those who have seen one whom they love and reverence thus brought low for the first time can understand it. With silent, dropping tears, ashamed almost to look each other in the face, they helped him to bed. Neither would it be easy to describe what William himself felt when he awoke in the morning from his heavy and unrefreshing sleep—his shame and remorse at having so degraded himself, and the pain that wrung his heart as he thought of the grief he must have caused to his wife and daughter. He would gladly have remained at home, for his head ached and his limbs trembled, and his wife entreated him not to think of work that day; but he was engaged with other masons in finishing a house that had been already too long delayed. 'I must go,' said he, 'or my place will be filled up. I've been a great fool, Jeanie, but I promise you it'll be the last time.' He was greeted by some of his fellow-workmen with jokes on his last night's adventure, which, habitually sober as he was, he could ill stand. He went silently to his work, but his hand was unsteady and his sight confused. Standing on the high scaffolding on which the day before he had wrought with perfect safety, his head grew giddy, and he turned to come down; but his footing was uncertain, and before a companion could reach him he had fallen heavily among the rubbish that lay below. Conscious, but groaning with pain, he was raised and carried home, and it was found that his left arm, which had been bent under him, was so shattered that it was necessary to have it taken off. Poor William! it was many days before he could speak of it; but how bitterly, as he lay helpless there, did he repent his one night's indulgence. 'Oh, Susy!' said he, as his daughter sat beside him the night before she was to return to her place, 'this is a sore way to part with you. Who would have thought that all this would come from being once the worse for drink. Here I'm lying helpless, and winter coming on, and what's your poor mother and the little ones to do? And even when I'm able to be up again, what can I do for them;—a poor one-handed cripple?' 'Oh, but you mustn't get disheartened, father,' said Susan, trying to speak cheerfully, though the tears stood in her eyes. 'You know Missis promised to raise my wages, and I'll save all I can; and then Mr. Sawers is going to take Billy into his shop; and there'll be plenty things you'll be able to do with your one arm; and uncle says he'll not see mother and the little ones want.' 'Yes, I may thank God,' said William, 'that it is my right arm I have left; and the first use I make of it, Susy, will be to sign the pledge. Drink has

done me mischief enough, but it shall do no more.' 'Then I'm sure there'll be good times for you yet, father; and all the beer money will be saved too.' William kept his word and signed the pledge; and in time he learned to be very clever with his one hand; but though his abstinence prevented further mischief from the same source, it could not give him back what he had lost by being once drunk.—'League Journal.'

The Result of a Gift.

The hot Indian sun was burning down upon a little hut, from which came running a little English lad, clad in blue gingham blouse, and trousers of the same material, The face and hands of the sturdy little figure were very much tanned, while crowning a mass of curly brown hair rested a large sun-hat; for the effect of the sun in those eastern countries is very much dreaded. His countenance was sad, but earnest and determined. He ran on until he came to a large-sized missionary's house. Opening the door he exclaimed to the servant, whom he chanced to see:

'Where is mamma? I want her awful bad.'

'She is tired, Master Arthur, and is resting,' replied the servant.

'Well, I must see her,' said Arthur; so he ran into his mother's room, exclaiming:

'O, mamma! please give me some rice, I want it awful bad, please do.'

'What for, dear?' said his mother.

'Why, poor little Carnius is dying, and his mother has said if he had some rice he might get better.'

'And how do you know?'

'I was over there,' replied Arthur manfully.

'Well, really, Arthur, I don't see how you can bear to play with those ugly children.'

'But, mamma,' persisted Arthur, 'you taught me that God thinks of all, dark and light, pretty and ugly, alike.'

Of course, dear,' replied his mother, 'but don't bother me now, child. You can go and ask Hannah to give you a basketful of rice for him, if you are so anxious; but don't hurry, as it is so warm.'

Arthur, having secured the rice, ran off to the hut. He found the mother with her child in her arms, but there was no need for rice, for poor little Carnius had passed to the better land. Kneeling by the feet of the dead child was his sister, who sobbed, 'Oh, my poor brother, I shall never see him again.'

'Yes, you can,' said Arthur. 'If you are a good girl you can go to heaven, and see your brother there.' At the same time he slipped into her hand a little Bible, saying, 'This was mine, but you can have it. Mamma says it shows the way to heaven.'

Poor little Carnius was buried. His sister, Noakha, who was naturally sulky, began to read the Bible, and became more cheerful. Her father and mother marvelled much at the change in her conduct.

Noakha's father was captain in the army, and was home at present, but had soon to return to duty.

One day, when Noakha was outside, reading her Bible, her father came to her and asked her what she was reading. In reply she handed him the book. As he glanced at it, his brow darkened, and angry clouds gathered on his face. At last he managed to say, 'See here, child, were did you get this book? What would Brahma say if he saw you reading it? He says it's no book for poor folk to read.'

He then put the book in his pocket, and walked away. She felt very badly over the loss of her book, but knew it was useless to entreat with her father, and so resolved to be as cheerful as possible. Her father and mother wondered greatly at her cheerful conduct, but supposed she had not cared as much for her book as they had feared. She prayed every night and morning that her father might return her book.

Noakha's father was at last called to the regiment, but when he departed he did not even mention the book, and Noakha feared he had destroyed it.

It was the night before battle. The red glare of the watchfire shone on the weather-beaten faces of the soldiers, who were all paying the strictest attention to a favorite comrade, who was reading from the Book of Life. There was no sound of light jesting, or idle oaths among them, for all knew that on the morrow they might be no more, and this might be the last opportunity they would have of hearing God's messages to man.

Beside the reader in one corner sat his intimate friend, Anam Sinha, to whom he occasionally spoke. At last Anam said to him: 'Really, Chundra, how came you by that book?'

Without lifting up his head, Chundra Dass replied, 'If you must know, I stole it from my daughter. It was given to her by a missionary's boy, and I thought it was not right for her to go one way, while I was going the other, so one day I roughly told her the Brahma would not allow it, and I took it from her, and stuck it in my pocket. I thought no more about it until the night I came away. As I stood outside the door, I heard her praying for my victory and safety. Well, time went on, and one day, when we were camping down by the river, I suddenly wondered what great charm Noakha could see in the book. So I began to read it, and have derived the greatest comfort from it ever since. And since I have succeeded in converting many of my comrades.'

The morning dawned. The battle was won. The soldiers, including Chundra Dass, returned home. He seemed very much changed, and more kindly. Finally, one day, he handed to Noakha a parcel, saying, 'This is as precious to me as it is to you.'

Noakha, to her glad surprise, found it to be her Bible, the same as before, only a little worn. She listened, with a joyous heart, to the story of her father's conversion, and her happiness was so great she did not regret the temporary loss of her Bible.

After a few months they succeeded in converting the mother, and all the family lived peaceably in the Christian faith.—'Christian Guardian.'

Saint Paul's Love Letter.

(Annie A. Preston in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Hope I haven't kept you waiting,' exclaimed the teacher, who was boarding in the hospitable Connecticut farmhouse where a few of us had been invited, with the new minister and his wife, to tea.

'I delayed a few minutes after school talking with some of the boys. I do that more than I should, no doubt, if I did not remember that my vocation and methods of work were arranged for me by an after school talk with a sympathetic teacher.'

'Please tell us about it,' said the minister's wife, tactfully, desiring to put the somewhat flurried young man at his ease.

'Shall I? Well, to just you few ladies here in the alcove, then. I was an orphan boy in a small Michigan village, a lake port for the great lumber region to the north of us. There was hardly a man in our village during the week, but on Sunday the heads of families surged down from the great pineries and made things lively. There was no manner of use in trying to hold a church service or a Sunday-school, for there was a big dinner in every house and a gala time generally from one end of town to the other.

'The teacher of the village school, a bright young woman, a veritable missionary in spirit, with a genius for seeing what ought to be done and finding some way of doing it, fell into the way of opening her school in the morning by a repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert, and by closing in the afternoon with Scripture reading, prayer and a familiar talk. To the older pupils this service soon became the most interesting feature of our school, and some pupils were drawn in for the privilege of attending this daily exercise. The Black Hills mining excitement was at its height, and one week a company was formed among the adventurous spirits at the lumber camp, and when they came down on Sunday I was induced to join, overgrown schoolboy that I was.

'Our Scripture reading at school that Monday afternoon, the last day I ever expected to be in school,—I had only gone for the purpose of finding opportunity to bid my teacher good-by,—was Paul's love letter, as the old people used to call it, where he tells the Philippians to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. The reading set me to thinking, and the teacher's remarks still more, for we all knew she was there without murmuring, doing the best she could for the community because her father and brothers were in the lumber company and she and her mother would not leave them without the restraining influences of a home.

'She heard my news that I was to start for the Black Hills on the morrow with disapprobation, and brought all the arguments suggested by that chapter to dissuade me. I should find it hard to work out my own salvation in such company. There would be no opportunity for spiritual growth, and not even safety for my spiritual life. She had hoped that I would go on and fit myself for a teacher, carrying out her methods, particularly that of sending the children home every afternoon with the Scripture reading and some spiritual thought uppermost in their minds, but how true it is, she said, that all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.

'"I have intended to be a teacher," I said, "but I can get rich out there in a short time and come back and do good with my money, and the boys would be furious if I backed out. My things were all packed, too, and I had taken leave of the cousin with whom I was making my home."

'"Go East, then," she said, looking out over the lake; "there is one of my father's lumber boats that will be gone in an hour. You have relatives in Connecticut." She wrote a line upon a card for me to give to the captain, bid me good-bye, and sent me away with these words in my ears: "Remember that wherever you are Christ has a work waiting for you, and try to see his interests before you do your own," so that is why I came rushing in upon you like a runaway steam engine, after something akin to an inquiry meeting among my pupils.'

'And have you never worn glasses, Frank?' asked the new minister's wife. 'You know one of the reasons you gave for not taking up the vocation of teacher was your nearsightedness.'

'I wear them in school,' cried the young man, 'but I know your voice now. It sounded natural to me at first. Why, how wonderful!'

'Wonderful, indeed,' said the lady, 'but how beautifully it proves that good seed, once started in good soil, never dies. And I am more than thankful for the assurance because, as I have never heard from you from that day to this, I believed the rumor that you joined the Black Hills expedition later on, and as they were never heard from I supposed my most promising pupil was lost amid

a wicked and perverse people, although I have always cherished a hope that you somewhere were as a shining light in the world.'

'Thank you,' he said, as tea was announced, 'and I thank God that I have been kept true to him and to you,' and all of our guests said 'Amen.'

Old Romeo, the Feathered Policeman.

('Child's Companion.')

Some thirty years ago a number of 'ostrich farms' were started in South Africa for the purpose of raising the birds for the sake of their feathers. The young birds are kept in flocks, and roam about over large farms, bounded by wire fencing. When young, the birds are sociable and domesticated, but some of the old birds are really ferocious creatures, a kick from one of them being sufficient to stun a horse.

In her 'South African Stories,' Mrs. Carey-Hobson gives an amusing account of some Hottentot thieves who were caught stealing fruit, and in their haste to escape, one of the party got into the enclosure in which an old bird and his mate were engaged in the process of hatching.

The three Hottentots had been caught by the gardener and his helpers in the act of stealing; in their flight one of them suddenly turned aside.

'Good gracious, Master Tom, he's making for old Romeo's camp!'

Tom called loudly, and warned the man of his danger; but the fence was gained, and over he went.

'That bird will punish him,' said Hendrick.

'Sarve him right,' said Gubbins. 'I wish the other fellow had gone too.'

'Quick, Hendrick!' said Tom. 'Where are the thorn boughs? The old cock bird will nearly kill him if we don't prevent it.'

'I'm sure I shouldn't prevent his having a good mauling; the fellow richly deserves it.'

'Come now, Jack!' said Tom. 'You wouldn't let that vicious bird kill the fellow because he stole a little fruit.'

By this time they also had reached the wall, and Tom and Hendrick had just taken up a large bough of mimosa-thorn that had been placed there for the purpose of keeping the cock bird at a distance when they had to visit the nest. They heard the bird call and make a rush; then the cries of the Hottentot.

'Oh, Heere! Oh, Heere, he'll kill me! Oh, Baas, Baas, he'll kill me!'

They ran as quickly as they could, leaving Gubbins at the wall, to be ready to help their retreat, or to go towards the nest, and thus endeavor to entice the male bird away. A sight met their eyes.

The Hottentot, being taken by surprise, had been knocked down at once, and the bird was kicking and tearing at him most unmercifully, quite determined to have no such intruder in its own especial ground.

His shirt and trousers were torn to ribbons, and that the bird's sharp, cruel, iron-like claw was inflicting personal torture was evident by the cries, accompanied by such sentences, uttered spasmodically, as—

'Ach, if you please, oh, take him away! Oh, Heere! I shall die!'

Tom and Hendrick thrust the mimosa bough, covered as it is with long sharp thorns, up against the creature's neck. A fight ensued, but by degrees they succeeded in driving him back, telling the man at the same time to get out of the way—which he was nothing loth to do, crawling on all fours and declaring he was dead!

But when Hendrick told him that if he did not get out of the bird's sight it might escape from the 'thorn tack,' and be after him again, he managed to get up a run, and clambered over the wall so briskly that he nearly tumbled into the arms of Gubbins.

'There, yer black rascal, if old Romeo hadn't half killed yer, I'd have had the greatest pleasure possible in giving yer a hammerin'; yer won't come here a stealin' agin, I warrant. Ye'd better go to yer wife, and let her mend yer scratches and breeches, and if she don't give it ye, she ain't no woman! Yer companion in wickedness is inspannin' the oxen, so as he's left ye in the lurch onest to-night, p'raps he may do it again if yer not sharp.'

The man went off as he was told. Tom and Hendrick fought their way backwards.

'Now, Hendrick, jump over,' said Tom.

'Nay, master, you first!'

'Do as you're bid, there's a good fellow; then you can keep Romeo off with the bough.'

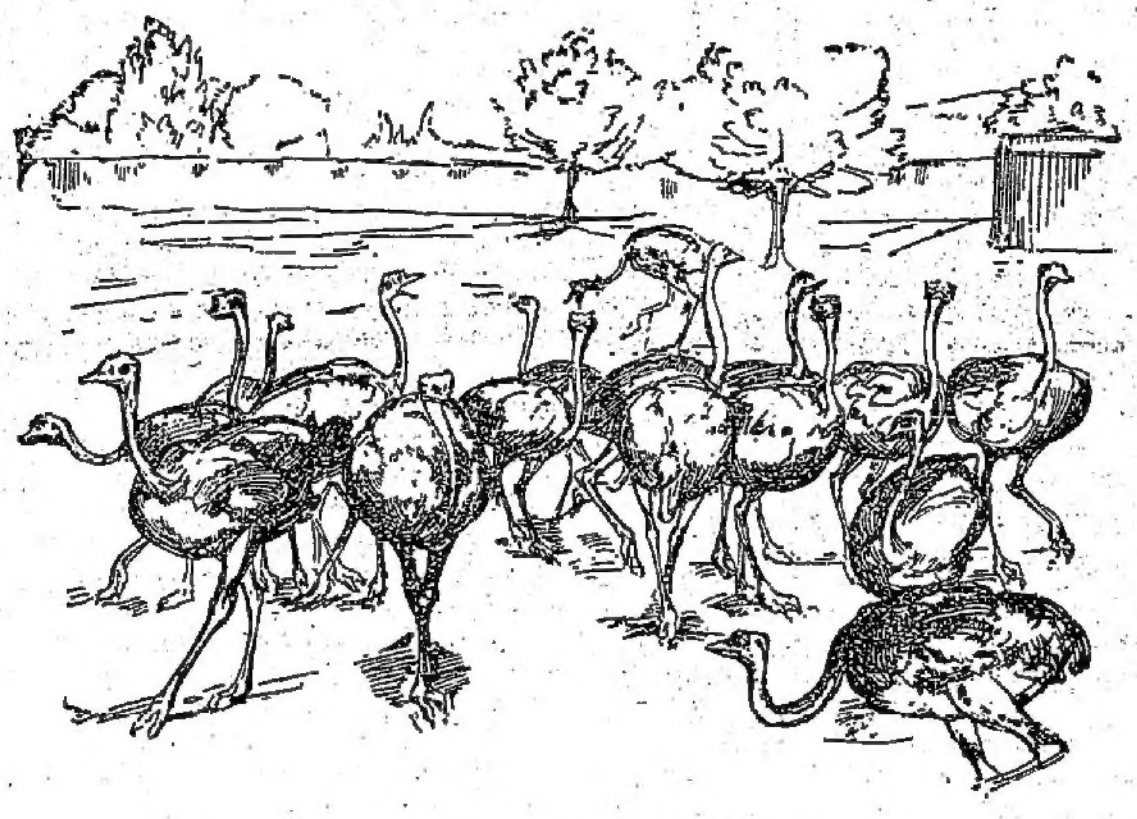
They were soon both in safety.

''Pon my word, old Romey,' said Gubbins, 'you know how to give hard kicks. That fellow's clothes were a'most peeled off his back! At home we used to call the policemen "peelers," and I'm sure you're p'liceman and peeler too.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'the poor chap won't forget that peeler in a hurry. I am sorry he has had quite so many of old Romeo's hard knocks, but I did my best to warn him not to go there. However, he has no bones broken, so he will soon be all right.'

'Humph!' said Gubbins—'and able to go stealing again!'

'Not where you and Romeo keep joint guard,' said Tom, laughing. 'He's as good as a watch-dog for you there. I think he has given that poor fellow a lesson. But I hope that he may one day learn the lesson, not only that wrong-doing brings its own punishment, but that virtue is its own reward.'



ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

Fruits After Their Kind.

'Can you make room for another boy in the house, do you think, wife?' asked Mr. Coleman one evening long ago. 'If you wish it, I suppose so,' was the dutiful reply, and when her husband brought home the orphan, Bob Cowan, to his fireside, Mrs. Coleman extended to him a share in the motherly care and affection she had beforetime bestowed on her own two sons.

Mr. Coleman did not like to see the son of his old friend turned adrift on the world, and as he was prospering in his business, he thought he would be able to feed, clothe, and educate Bob until he was able to do for himself. If the boy were grateful, and repaid his kindness, good and well; if not, why his outlay would not be missed, unless some unforeseen catastrophe happened. Bob was fourteen; a strong, independent lad whose life had early taught him to think and act for himself, and that, happily, without spoiling him, for he was unselfish and affectionate. When he came to the Colemans', he was terribly grieved by the loss of his father, who had so lately died, and he deeply felt their kindness to him. He was ready, too, to acquiesce in all Mr. Coleman's rules, for that gentleman prided himself on being methodical, and had quite a code of laws for the government of his household, and both father and mother considered Bob a good example to their own boys. One day, some weeks after his arrival, he had overheated himself in the summer sun, and, coming in tired, he grew gradually faint, and staggered into a chair. Mrs. Coleman brought water and bathed his temples, while Mr. Coleman hastily poured some brandy into a glass, and held it to his lips. Bob set his teeth together, and pushed the glass from him, and, feeling better, he rose himself and took a draught from the water-jug. 'Take a drop of the brandy, Bob.' 'Never,' he said, in a low hard voice. 'What ails you at spirits, Bob? You never taste them.' 'It was one of the things my father and mother were strict about. They would never allow me to taste such things, and though they are taken from me, I don't mean to forget their commands.' 'Surely no,' said Mrs. Coleman kindly; but her husband left the room with a frown and a hurried stamp, for his mode of bringing up his family was very different from the Cowans'. Six months after, Bob lost his comfortable home through his firm adherence to his total abstinence principles. He declined to go to a tavern to buy drink, and when Mr. Coleman found he persisted in his refusal, he told him to seek a home somewhere else, as his roof could no longer shelter a boy who not only acted absurdly himself, but set an example of disobedience to his patron's sons. So one morning Bob made up a bundle of his clothes, bade good-bye with a sad heart to kind Mrs. Coleman, and Sandy, and Willie, the merry boys who had welcomed him so heartily, and who mourned his departure so sincerely, and with a dry good-bye to Mr. Coleman, and sincere thanks for past kindness, he left the house with a greater sense of loneliness even than when he turned from seeing his father laid in the grave. When clear of the town, he sat down by the roadside, partly to indulge in a few tears which would come in spite of

his manliness, partly to think of what he was to do. He was not given to look long at ways and means, however, and, having come to some decision, he started up with a resolute air, and with that dogged determination which was so characteristic of him, he walked rapidly away.

Five years after Bob Cowan left Mr. Coleman's, the strokes on a blacksmith's anvil were ringing out in the summer air, when a young man staggered past the smithy. He had been drinking hard for some weeks, and, having come to the end of his money, he had had no food for two days, when the craving for drink seized him so strongly on this morning that he sold his cap for a few coppers, and spent it on drink; now, under the glare of a noon-day sun, he reeled (as much from exhaustion as from drink) along the road bareheaded. His head was aching, and seeing a tree by the side of a stream, he tried to reach it, but failed and fell backwards, with his head hanging over the brink of the water. The young smith came out presently to wash his face and hands before he went to his dinner, and in the high square forehead, firm mouth, and quick brown eye, it was easy to recognize Bob Cowan. He saw the poor drunkard, and went to rescue him from his uncomfortable position; though feeling disgusted at the cause of his requiring help. He lifted the poor fellow in his arms, and carrying him to the shade, laid him down there. Putting back the hair from his forehead, he noticed a peculiar scar on the temple that made him scan the features anxiously, for he remembered that Willie Coleman had the same. The features were swollen and discolored, and if he saw nothing to contradict, there yet was nothing to confirm his suspicions. But he could not leave him there now, when there was a probability that he might be the boy whom he still remembered with affection. Bob again lifted the slight form in his arms, and carried him to the small cottage that was now his home. With a word of explanation to the old man who had given him shelter in his destitution, he laid him on his own bed, and came to his dinner in the kitchen. Thomas Black was too rheumatic for work; but Bob returned the old man's kindness to him with filial affection. Mrs. Black was willing to take good care of Bob's protege, and when the youth awoke she brought him food, which he was unable to take, and then sent for Bob. He came, and soon discovered that it was indeed Willie Coleman. His father's training had told on him, and he was, by his own confession, a drunkard. 'Sandy died a year ago. He left a little boy and a young wife. She died a few months since, and the boy is with father and mother; he will be trained to ruin too.' Finding Willie was really ill, Bob sent for the doctor. When he came he seemed alarmed, told Bob there was little chance of Willie's recovery, and advised him to send for the young man's parents. Bob did so, and he was obliged, in answer to Willie's questions, to tell him the reason. 'Oh! Bob,' was the answer, 'I thought, when I had found you, I might have been able to redeem my useless life, in part at least, by your side, and is this to be the end?' 'No,' said Bob, 'this will not be the end,' and, bending over him affectionately, he told him of a Saviour who was willing to receive him and pardon his sins, and welcome him to a far higher and more glorious life than any mere earthly one. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman came, and the meeting between them and Bob could not be otherwise than painful. They were both much changed, more by grief than age, though Mr. Coleman would not own that he had anything to do in blighting his son's life. Sandy's boy James was with them. They were constantly by Willie's side during the day; but at night Bob kept watch by the sick-bed, and a very tender nurse he was. It was from his lips Willie learned the truths of salvation, and rested on them. Once he said, 'I cannot help envying you your bringing up, Bob. I believe, if it had not been for that horrid drink, I might have been of some use to my fellow-creatures, and perhaps have been able to meet you even on an equality, instead of lying here dying in the morning of my life, without having benefited a single mortal, while you, a strong, sober, willing man, have all life, with a power of good and evil before you, and I know your influence will go for good to your neighbors.' The day before his death, he said to his father, 'I want you to promise me something, father. It is most likely the last request I will make to you; will you grant it?' 'Yes, yes, my son,' was the answer, in broken tones. 'Don't let little Jimmie get sips of drink. Bring him up to drink water, please. It will be far better for him.' The old man raised his trembling hands, and in an agitated voice said', 'Willie, Willie, what reflection is this you're casting on me? Is it your father and mother you would blame for your early death?' Willie met his reproachful look with a calm, sad, but clear eye, and answered, 'We will not speak of that, dear father. Promise about Jimmie.' 'I do promise,' said Mr. Coleman, awed by poor Willie's steady look. That night Willie said to Bob, 'I can die now, relieved, when I know poor wee Jimmie is safe from the evil that has ruined me.' It was the last night Bob watched by him; the next he went alone to look at the lifeless clay, and he knelt beside it, and thanked God, as he perhaps had never done before, that he had been early taught to loathe that drink that had so soon ended the days of his old playmate; nor did he rise from his knees without a prayer for the father and mother who must ever after carry such a load of remorse in their hearts.—'The League Journal.'

Mattie Mulford's Criticism.

(By Julia D. Cowles, in 'American Messenger.')

Mattie Mulford was studying grammar and analysis in the High School, and one of the exercises which her teacher had given to the class was in criticism. Each scholar was to bring into class at least six examples of incorrect expressions which she had heard during the previous twenty-four hours, and tell why the sentences were incorrect.

This example was given in order to train the pupils to a careful use of language, by calling their attention to common mistakes which soon become fixed habits in those who employ them.

Mattie was fond of her studies in analysis and she took up the new exercise with enthusiasm. She listened to the conversations about her in a severely critical frame of mind and tried to see how long a list of mistakes she could carry to class each day. She found the practice decidedly interesting, especially when a group of the High School scholars were together.

The members of the family grew to be very careful of their speech when Mattie was about, for they knew that she would catch them up without mercy if they made a mistake.

One Sunday at the dinner table Mattie's father and mother were discussing the sermon that they had heard in the morning. A stranger had preached, a man who was interested in mission work among the sailors of New York. He was not an educated man, but he was greatly interested in his work and eminently fitted for it.

'What a grand work Mr. Blank is doing among the sailors,' Mr. Mulford said. And then turned to Mattie; 'Weren't you interested in what he had to tell, daughter?'

Mattie's cheeks flushed a little as she answered, 'I am afraid I did not listen as attentively as I should have done.'

Mr. Mulford looked surprised. 'It seemed like a story to me, and I thought you would be particularly interested, he told so many incidents of his work.'

'Oh,' thought Mattie, 'if papa could see the long list of grammatical errors I have ready for school to-morrow, he would know why I did not become interested in what was said this morning,' and an unpleasant pang, marred her former complacency regarding that list.

'We had an especially touching lesson today in Sunday-school, I thought,' Mrs. Mulford said a moment later. 'How did your teacher treat it, Mattie?'

Mattie's cheeks flushed a still deeper red at this question.

Why was it that both her father and mother should ask such questions just on this Sunday when she had paid the least attention to what was being said of any time that she could remember. She did know that her teacher had misquoted two lines of a hymn and had rendered them,

'We cannot always trace the way
Where thou, our gracious Lord, doth move,'

and she had remembered the 'doth,' that should have been a 'dost,' until she reached home, when it was immediately added to her list of criticisms for school. But she would have been ashamed to tell her mother now what she remembered of her lesson, Indeed, what she had learned thus far during the day began to appear to her in a very different light from what it had a few moments before.

Mrs. Mulford saw that Mattie did not want to answer her question, so she resumed her conversation with Mattie's father, and Mattie was left to her own thoughts, which were beginning to grow unpleasant.

But fortunately there was a very complete understanding between Mattie and her father and mother, and at last she exclaimed, 'Well, I may just as well tell you what was the matter with me to-day. I have been so taken up with my lessons in criticism that I have applied them everywhere, and so, instead of listening to what was said this morning by the minister and my Sunday-school teacher, I listened for mistakes, and made notes of all that I heard. I considered the sermon this morning a harvest for me, but now I am heartily ashamed of the use to which I put my ears.'

'I am glad you have discovered your mistake for yourself, my daughter,' said Mr. Mulford when Mattie had finished. 'You took the shells, this morning, I am afraid, and threw away the meats. But it is a good thing when we discover our own mistakes, for then we are pretty apt to correct them.

'Well,' said Mattie, 'I can see now that I might just as well have taken my grammar to church to-day, and studied it all the time that man was preaching, as to do as I did. How trivial my criticism of his language seems when I compare it with his earnestness regarding his work for Christ, and Mattie looked ashamed as she spoke.

'But the criticism is right in its place, father?' she asked questioningly, a little later.

'Yes,' said her father, 'I consider it an excellent thing in its place, but we must be careful not to attach too great a significance to the form, to the exclusion of the matter; and as you have learned,' he added with a smile, 'there are times when it should not be considered at all.'

'I will remember, you may be sure,' Mattie responded, and then she went to her room to study the Sunday-school lesson which she had failed to understand during the Sunday-school hour.

'Well,' she said to herself, as she went up the stairs, 'I guess criticism, as well as some others things, should begin at home!'

LITTLE FOLKS

Oiling the Wheels.

Norman Meadows was looking very happy one morning recently. To-morrow was his birthday, and he was expecting, of course, presents and good wishes.

'I wonder what Dad will give me,' he said to his mother.

'Something worth having, you may be sure,' replied Mrs. Meadows; for if ever a man knew what to give a child to gladden the heart, that man was Norman's father.

In the evening Norman sat by the window watching. He was so anxious to see if his father should bring home a parcel, then perhaps

when he saw its size and shape he would be able to guess its contents.

It was nearly six, when Norman bounded to the street door, for he had seen his father coming along the road, and under his arm he carried a big flat parcel.

'Dad, Dad, Dad!' shouted Norman, 'do tell me what is in the parcel!'

'Little boys should have good manners,' his father said. 'I haven't had my kiss of welcome yet, and I should like to have it.'

Norman kissed his father and begged pardon for his neglect, and then asked in his most coaxing manner that the parcel should be opened.

Before Mr. Meadows had even refreshed himself with a cup of tea he opened the parcel, and inside was a big cardboard box, on which was a picture of a railway-train in full motion. But, still better, inside was a locomotive, with three carriages and railway lines; just the thing for a boy to enjoy.

'Thank you, thank you, Dad; this is just what I wanted. What a beauty!'

The lines were soon joined, and they made a big circle across the centre of the dining-room table; then the carriages were attached to the locomotive, the key was turned about twenty times, and everyone waited to see the train start off along the lines with a roar and a rattle. But, alas! it only went very slowly; indeed, with the carriages fastened to it, the engine would hardly turn its wheels.

This was a great disappointment to Norman, for he had fitted up the railway-station and had erected the signal-post, and had expected to see the train rush into the station just as he had seen it in reality.

'You lazy engine!' he said, 'why don't you do your duty?'

For several days Norman was busy with his toy. But no, it was no good; coax or threaten, the engine would not drag the carriages after it.

One evening when Uncle Bob came in, and Norman was telling him his trouble, the kind uncle said:

'I think I know how to make the engine do its work. Now go and fetch me the little can holding the oil with which your mother oils her sewing-machine.'

The can was soon placed in Uncle Bob's hand, and he allowed a few drops of oil to fall near the wheels of the engine and the carriages.

'Now try,' he said. 'Let us see what good the oil has done.'

The effect was marvellous, the engine had no difficulty now; indeed, it hurried along so fast that it went off the line, knocked over the signal-post, and nearly upset the station.

'Bravo, uncle!' shouted Norman. 'Only just think what a little oil can do; what a pity I did not think of that myself!'

That very evening when Uncle Bob had gone home, and Norman was sitting down to his home lessons, he began crying because he could not do his French exercise.

'What a little stupid you are!' said his big brother William. 'What do you want to make that row for?'

'Hush! hush!' said Mrs. Meadows kindly. 'Why don't you put a little oil on the wheels? If you would only give Norman a little help, then you would dry his tears and make him happy.'

William felt rebuked at this, and soon put Norman in the right road to do his lesson perfectly.

'You are a dear old wheel-greaser,' said Norman. 'Only I wish you'd grease my lazy wheels instead of teasing me.'—'Adviser.'

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they take is much too long;
Who fastest walks, and walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.
—Prior.

Bunch of Blackberry Tails.

(Charlotte Brewster Jordan in 'Youth's Companion.')

'Hoppity skippity! Fly away O!
Skippity hoppity! Here we go!'

So sang Phoebe, Pete and Pollykins as they danced away, tin pails in hand, to gather blackberries for Winnie's supper.

Winnie, poor child, had been the ringleader of last year's berry jaunts; but having hurt her foot a fortnight ago, was not yet able to take a step.

'So you'll just have to play lame bird in the nest, like poor robin in the old apple tree,' laughed Pollykins, 'and we'll bring things to drop into your mouth.'

'Not worms!' protested Winnie in alarm.

'Not to-day. We'll bring you a better supper than that.'

'Hoppity skippity! Fly away O!
Skippity hoppity! Here we go!'

sang Winnie, as she watched the trio disappear under the bridge. 'Gone paddling, I suppose,' she said wistfully.

Paddling! I should think so! It was so early in the afternoon that there was plenty of time to mend a dam built the week before, to have a game of leap-frog and to catch two crawfish. It was only when they wished to put these wriggling treasures into a pail that they discovered that theirs must have slipped off the low-hanging branches and gone bobbing and clashing together down the stream.

What should they do? No time left now either for going home or down the stream. Hats? No; their brimless ones were hardly fit, especially since they had been scooping up water with them. Handkerchiefs? These rollicking children scorned the very idea of such useless luxuries in summer-time. Pockets? 'Would squash things too much,' said Pete, decisively.

Now this was really too bad; for they had promised mother before she drove away to pick Winnie a fine supper.

'I know what,' suggested thoughtful Phoebe. 'We'll do what grandmamma used to do when she was a little girl. We'll thread the blackberries on long spears of timothy-grass, tie them together in bunches of twenty and each take her home two bunches. What do you say?'

'Hooray! Just the thing, Phoebe-bird!' said Pete, turning a handspring and snatching at a clump of timothy-grass. 'We could do the birdie-act then, and drop them into her mouth just beautifully.'

Nimble fingers quickly strung the juicy berries, and soon three dangling pairs of black bunches were carefully carried down the homeward road.

'Whatever are those chidren bringing!' said mother, who had just driven Aunt Hepsy home to supper with her.

'Well,' said Aunt Hepsy, peering over her glasses, 'they do look most uncommon like bunches of eels—but that couldn't be this time of day.'

'More likely it's water-snakes!'

'No, it's cattails, I guess,' said Winnie, with a woebegone face, 'and they've forgotten the pail of dewberries for my supper.'

How she laughed when she saw what they really were, and how she enjoyed eating the fruit from the grassy stems! Invalids are always so easily pleased with a little novelty.

'Mine is the best of all,' laughed Pollykins, handing a glistening white bunch to her lame sister. 'They're frosted, you see. I just rolled them over and over in this saucer of sugar.'

'Sure enough!' said Winnie. 'Let's all eat them that way.'

'And to-morrow morning,' said Pete, as he popped the last white cup into his mouth, 'I'm going out bright and early to the lower dam after those runaway pails.'

The Birthday Present.

I once saw a peculiar seal-ring that a mother had had made as a birthday-present for her son, who was away at school. It was a bloodstone, carved with the device of two mailed hands, one reaching to the other a cup, around which was an inscription.

'What does it mean?' I asked, after a little study. 'Is it the cup of water in the name of a disciple?'

The mother laughed.

'Not exactly,' she said; 'but it is a cup of water—the cup that Sir Philip Sidney gave to the dying soldier on the battlefield. You remember the story—how they brought Sidney a cup of water as he lay wounded; but that he ordered it to be given instead to a dying man near, saying, "His need is greater than mine." The words you will find in Rom. xii. 10; "In honor preferring one another." St. Paul has always been my teacher of good manners, and I thought this ring would please Tom, and at the same time remind him of some of the things that I cannot say to him now.'

'Will you tell me what you mean about St. Paul and good manners?' I asked. She smiled a little and said—

'Why, I wanted above all things, as I suppose every mother does, that my boys should be well-behaved, polite—in a word, gentlemen; but I soon found out that the continual teaching to do or not to do each particular act was never going to make them what I wanted: it must be deeper than that: and after a while I came back and rested on the Bible, and especially on St. Paul. Did you ever read the twelfth chapter of Romans? No rules for good manners could do as much for one as that.

'My boys and I finally took the one broad rule—"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." That includes everything. The talking to disagreeable people, the being cordial and hospitable, the trying to give others pleasure with any talent we have, are all, I think, being "kindly affectioned;" and "in honor preferring one another" may mean everything, from the offering of one's chair to the giving up of one's life.

'I think I learned this once when it was my lot to live for a time in a little village with what you may call very common people. Unlearned they certainly all were; but I saw there how true Christianity shows itself in good manners, as society calls them. Quaint and amusing they might be in their ways and expressions, but never rude, never prying or conceited. They were always considerate and thoughtful, always full of some kind plan for other people's pleasure. They were kindly affectioned and preferred one another.

'I remembered all this when I came to the training of my own boys. By carrying out St. Paul's teaching, they learn to be manly, gentle, thoughtful of others, and unassuming about themselves. The root of true politeness is love.'—Bessie Chandler in 'Friendly Greetings.'

That which called firmness in a king is called obstinacy in a donkey. —Lord Erskine.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 3.

Rebuilding the Temple.

Ezra iii., 10: to iv., 5. Memory verses, 10, 11. Read chapters iii., and iv.

Golden Text.

'The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.'—I. Cor. iii., 17.

Home Readings.

M. Ezra 3: 1-7. Daily offerings.
T. Ezra 3: 8-13. Rebuilding the Temple.
W. Ezra 4: 1-6. Rebuilding the Temple.
Th. Ezra 4: 11-24. Enemies prevail.
F. I. Chron. 23: 24-32. Charge of the Levites
S. Psalm 136. Enduring mercy.
Su. I. Cor. 3: 6-17. God's Temple.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—10. And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel, with trumpets, and the Le'vites the sons of A'saph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of Da'vid king of Is'ra-el.

School.—11. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Is'ra-el. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.

12. But many of the priests and Le'vites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy:

13. So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off.

1. Now when the adversaries of Ju'dah and Ben'ja-min heard that the children of the captivity builded the temple unto the Lord God of Is'ra-el;

2. Then they came to Ze-rub'ba-bel, and to the chief of the fathers, and said unto them, let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of E'sar-had'don king of As'sur, which brought us up hither.

3. But Ze-rub'ba-bel, and Jesh'u-a, and the rest of the chief of the fathers of Is'ra-el, said unto them, Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God, but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord God of Is'ra-el, as king Cy'rus the king of Per'sia hath commanded us.

4. Then the people of the land weakened the hands of the people of Ju'dah, and troubled them in building.

5. And hired counsellors against them, to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cy'rus of Per'sia, even until the reign of Da-ri'us king of Per'sia.

The Bible Class.

The temple, literally 'The dwelling place,' 'The inner sanctuary'—I. Cor. vi., 19: II. Cor. vi., 14-18: Rev. III., 12; vii., 15; xxi., 22.

Holy, literally 'set apart' unto God—Ex. xxix., 37: Rom. xii., 1, 2. Eph. I., 4-7, v., 26, 27: Col. I., 21, 22; III., 12-17: II. Tim. I., 8, 9: I. Pet. I., 15; II., 5-9.

Suggestions.

When the men of the captivity, the exiles from Israel, fifty thousand strong, returned to their own land (B.C. 536), it was with great rejoicings and praise to Jehovah.

As soon as they began to be a little settled in their new homes, they began to make offerings of gold and silver and precious things for the rebuilding of a glorious temple for their King, the King of kings and Lord of lords. First they set up the altar on the old foundation, that they might continue to offer the daily sacrifice to God morning and evening. The altar was the most important part of the Temple. For fifty years the Temple services had been suspended, the Temple itself had been destroyed, the priests carried captive, the land left desolate and the sacrifice fires extinct. The altar is the central point of religion, typifying as it does the cross on Calvary and the one eternal all powerful sacrifice, the Atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The great festival of joy and thanksgiving, the 'feast of tabernacles' was instituted again after the long years of forgetfulness. Then the whole course of feasts and offerings was begun. The people offered freely and willingly unto the Lord, counting it as great a privilege to give as to worship, giving as an act of worship. At last the offerings were all made, the people sanctified, and the foundations of the Temple laid. Then the priests and the Levites and the choristers, ('sons of Asaph' the great choir leader of David's time), stood and praised the Lord Jehovah with much rejoicing, giving thanks for his goodness and mercy to Israel. And all the people shouted with praise to God for his marvellous goodness.

But many of the old men, remembering in the midst of their joy the sorrow and suffering, the desolation which had made necessary this new Temple, cried aloud with the underlying pathos of it all. The new Temple was to be glorious, but how could it compare with the glories of the former Temple, how could the desolations and destruction and sorrows of exile be so quickly forgotten? Yet this Temple was to be far more glorious than the former, for the glory of Jehovah should come to it as never before in the person of the Messiah, Christ the Anointed One of God. (Haggai II., 7-9).

But a new element is introduced into the story of praise and joyful service. Every good work has enemies, and the better the work the more Satan stirs up men to antagonize it. Sometimes the most righteous men are deceived into fighting against God by prejudice against their brother men. God's heart of love is deep and broad, he loves the sinner but we must beware of supposing that it is a sign of broad-mindedness to love sin. God hates sin and we can not be 'broader' than he is. In this case it was the enemies of the people of God, though professing lovers of God (I. John iv., 20) who interfered with the building of the Temple. These men, the mixed race of the Samaritans and mongrel population, declared that they also worshipped Jehovah, and wished to join in building the Temple. But their religion was not pure and true it was largely tainted with idolatry. Zerubbabel and Jeshua knew that the beginnings of the worship and service must be kept pure and holy, so they would not accept the proffered aid of their enemies, neither allow them to mix with the true band of called-out ones.

By their spirit the people of the land showed afterwards how little they really possessed of the love of God. At once they began a bitter persecution of the little band of builders, and for fifteen years the work had to be suspended. At last however the Jews again obtained permission to continue the building, B.C. 520, and in four year it was completed and dedicated, exactly seventy years after the destruction of Solomon's Temple, B.C. 586.

The Altar.

The first duty on entering a new home is to set up the family altar. If the Jews had waited to set up their altar after the Temple was properly built and furnished, they might never have lived to set it up. If the smoke of the sin offering had not ascended to God through those fifteen years of waiting, the people might have become so offensive as to have to be consumed for their trespasses,

The high altar of Calvary is the central point of all earth's history and of the history of every individual. Until there is sacrifice for sin there can be no cleansing from sin. Until there is perfect obedience to God's first requirement there can be no fellowship or communion with God. We can not take the place of Jesus as a son of God until we accept with broken hearted gratitude the fact that he has taken our place as a guilty sinner, and has suffered in our stead on the cross.

We are building daily and hourly a Temple for our God. The foundation is already laid, the Lord our righteousness' (I. Cor. III., 11-17: Eph. II., 20-22). The moralist who builds the most brilliant and splendid palace on any other foundation will find in the end that his house is on the shifting sands and must collapse by the very nature of its foundation (Matt. vii., 24-27). The first requisite of the temple is the altar, built into the foundation rock Christ Jesus, the altar must bear the sacrifice of praise (Heb. xiii., 15) and the continual incense of prayer rising to God (Rev. v., 8; viii., 3). Each stone of the temple will be rightly laid if the altar is kept in use. Backsliding begins invariably with the neglect of the altar of prayer.

Would'st build thy temple truly, day by day?
Watch and pray.

C. E Topic.

Sept. 3.—Holding up the pastor's hands. What can we do to help our pastor? Ex. 17: 1-13.

Junior C. E.

Sept. 3.—Why should we serve God heartily? Col. 3: 14-17, 22-24.

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIII.—ITS RELATION TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

1. Q.—Of what is tobacco the twin?

A.—Tobacco is the 'Siamese Twin' of alcoholic stimulants.

They are inseparable—'Liquors and Cigars' meet your eye at the door of every saloon.

Men who abandon the cup, holding on to the tobacco habit, will generally go back.

Over 700 drunkards joined the Washingtonians in one society in Baltimore, in 1840—all backslid except 63 who abandoned both strong drink and tobacco at the same time.

2. Q.—What does Dr. Justin Edwards declare?

A.—'Not much can be done in behalf of the temperance cause, till there is an anti-narcotic movement, particularly against tobacco, the ally of intemperance.'

3. Q.—What does Dr. Stephenson say upon the subject?

A.—'The use of tobacco is the one great leading step toward intemperance.

'It is a lamentable fact that very many who stand most prominent in the temperance reform are grossly intemperate in the use of tobacco.'

4. Q.—What does E. C. Delaven, a well-known temperance worker, teach?

A.—That while the use of tobacco continues, intemperance will continue to curse the world.

5. Q.—What statement has John Lizzars, the noted professor and physician of Scotland, made about the use of alcohol and tobacco?

A.—'It is a notorious fact that the practices of using alcohol and tobacco, are almost without exception inseparably associated.' And adds:

'Smoking in a moderate degree is indirectly injurious, more especially to the young, because it leads to drinking, thus becoming the cause of intemperance and its many evils.'

6. Q.—What does Adam Clarke, the great Bible commentator, say of the custom of smoking and drinking?

A.—'So inseparable an attendant is drinking on smoking that in some places the same word expresses both acts. Thus, "Peend," in the Bengalee language, signifies to drink and to smoke.'

7. Q.—What did King James I. of England say?

A.—'Tobacco is a branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins.'

8. Q.—Give the idea of Dr. McCosh, of the Calcutta Medical College, on this subject.

A.—Habitual smoking often leads to habitual drinking. The drain upon the system must be replenished, and brandy is used as a substitute.

9. Q.—What did the noted reformed man, Jerry McAuley, of New York, who rescued multitudes from drunkenness, say?

A.—That it is extremely rare to find a reformed man that continues a slave to tobacco, who does not fall back into the gutter. The converts at his mission in New York

City, are expected to give up tobacco when they do drink.

10. Q.—What does Dr. M'Donald, surgeon to the Garnkark and Hathfield works, say?

A.—'That the germs of premature decay, which abuse of tobacco is spreading through the country, will prove more overwhelming than the abuse of intoxicating liquors.'

11. Q.—What does George Trask, the great anti-tobacco apostle, say of the weed?

A.—He pronounces it 'Satan's fuel for the drinking appetites.'

12. Q.—What does the 'Journal of Science and Health' say?

A.—'There are Christians and temperance men, who are trying to redeem the world from sin and drunkenness, yet whose children are so depraved in their physical organization, that their desire for stimulants is almost impossible to resist.'

13. Q.—Can a temperance man use tobacco, and with consistency ask his neighbor to abstain from alcohol?

A.—No, not while he persists in feeding an appetite so unnatural and pernicious.

14. Q.—How do many parents, teachers, and others encourage the use of tobacco?

A.—By using it openly themselves; and it is very difficult to convince children that it is filthy and hurtful, as long as parents, teachers and Christian ministers use it.

15. Q.—What did the Apostle Paul think was his duty in regard to example?

A.—He said he would not even eat meat if he should cause his brother to offend thereby.—I. Cor. viii., 13.

16. Q.—Mention some of the oldest, strongest, and most successful corporations in the world.

A.—Tobacco, Whisky, and Ignorance.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Degradation.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Sensuality.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Poverty.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Disease.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Crime.
Tobacco, Whisky, and Death.

17. Q.—How can we best counteract the evil effects of these powerful forces?

A.—By teaching every child in the country that total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and tobacco is the only sure passport to success in life, and by keeping liquor and tobacco from them in childhood and youth.

18. Q.—What will every one that loves the Lord do?

A.—Every man that loves the Lord more than himself, will necessarily 'cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh.'

A pure heart requires, and will have, a pure body. While the pure in heart love pure things, the filthy in heart love filthy things.

Let it be remembered that no unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God.

Tobacco makes men unclean, 'outside and inside.'—Eph. v., 5.

Eli Perkins Joins a Drinking Club.

BEING TOLD THAT THERE IS MORE DRINKING THAN EVER IN MAINE AND KANSAS, HE MAKES A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

'Sellin' wiskey in Kansas!' exclaimed the purple-nosed railroad passenger, as he bit off a chew of plug tobacco while the train was pulling out of Topeka. 'Drinkin' whisky! Why, they're drinkin' more whisky than they ever did before!'

'But we never see any bar-rooms,' I remarked.

'No, they ain't no bars an' they ain't no signs of a bar; but they's drinkin'.'

Then I road through the State without seeing a bar-room, a drunken man, or a sign up where whisky was for sale. Valuable corners were occupied by stores, and the money that used to go into the open saloons was going into the stores. I found that Kansas used to send out $15,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky for whisky, and now she is sending out about a million a year. I found Kansas is now saving through temperance $14,000,000 a year, and in ten years will save $140,000,000; and still that red-nosed lounger in the smoking car is continually screeching through the car:

'They's drinkin' more whisky in Kansas than they ever did before!'

Up in Maine I heard the same whisky drinkers' refrain. It never came from a church member or from a prosperous moral business man. It always came from a drinking man. So during my last trip through Maine I decided to investigate and find out if the law preventing drunkenness doubled the drunkards—if the law preventing the sale of whisky really increased the sale of it.

Well, a lecture engagement called me up to Farmington, 25 miles north of Lewiston. As the engagement was for Saturday night, and as no trains ran on Sunday, I had to drive up from Lewiston. It was a $10 ride through the snow.

'This is a temperance State, isn't it?' I said to the stableman as he was hitching up his team.

'Temperance State!' he exclaimed; 'why, they're pourin' down whisky here—drinkin' more'n they ever did before.'

'Hadn't you better take a hot milk punch before we start?' I said.

'Hot milk punch!' he said, his eyes snapping with joy; 'yes, it would taste good; but you can't get those fancy drinks up here. No bars, you know, an' you've got to make them fancy drinks home.'

'But when there is so much drinking there must be bars near by,' I said.

'Well, they're drinkin', all the same, but we don't have bars. We have to manage a little, and it takes time, you know.'

So we started off for the long 25-mile ride through the snow.

We passed several hotels, and stopped and warmed. There were no bar-rooms, and hot lemonades were the only drinks to be had.

We found Farmington without a bar, and a thorough temperance town. The audience that greeted me showed temperance, intelligence, and prosperity in their faces.

Coming back the next morning, I said to my driver:

'It is strange that people will so traduce this temperance State.'

'They don't traduce it,' said the driver. 'They's drinkin' goin' on here. I can get you a drink.'

'You can get me a drink,' I said with an accent on the 'can.' 'Why, of course you can,' I said enthusiastically; 'and when we get to Lewiston we'll have some nice hot whisky, won't we?'

I noticed my man didn't enthuse. Then after a moment's thought he remarked:

'I'm afraid I'll be too busy putting out my horse; but I could get you a drink if I had time.'

'But I'll pay a boy for unhitching the horse,' I said, as we drove into the Lewiston stable. 'Now, let's have the drink; come on!'

'All right,' said the driver. 'I think I can get a drink; but mebby the whisky is out, and we'll have to take bottled beer.'

Then I followed him through the dried weeds and snow along the river bank.

'This isn't the way to a saloon,' I said.

'No, I'm going to Mike Grady's. Mrs. Grady has some beer left over from a funeral.'

Correspondence

Maple Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this county, and so I thought I would write one. I was very glad to see my other letter in the 'Messenger.' We take about twelve different papers, but I think the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Sabbath Reading' are the best ones. I have four sisters and six brothers; one sister is married and one brother is in Manitoba. I was away at Chesley to see my aunt and cousins, but all the young folks were away. However, I had a very good time. Good-bye.

CLARA (aged 9).

Portneuf.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Portneuf yet, in the 'Messenger,' but several people take that paper here. I think the letters and stories in it are very interesting. My sister Bessie gets the 'Messenger' every week. She likes reading very much. Portneuf is about the prettiest place I have ever seen. The Portneuf river runs through the valley, and the village is down in the valley too. The river St. Lawrence flows past Portneuf. It is about two and a-half miles wide here. Our school here closed on the last day of June. In my examinations, I passed first; for a prize I received a book by Sheldon, called, 'The Twentieth Door.' It is a very nice book. A good many of the girls and boys who have written to the 'Messenger' have read 'In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do,' but I have not read that book yet. My letter is a little long, so I will stop. NELLIE F. (aged 13).

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—We keep a general store. I have some chickens ready for sale. Papa has the offer of forty cents a pair, and I think he will take it. I am very fond of reading.

ROY (aged 7).

Low Banks.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen very many letters from Low Banks, so I will write one. We go to Sunday-school; our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. Jameison. I go to school every day when there is school, but now we are having the holidays. I live right by Lake Erie. My papa is a farmer. I think your paper is the best paper printed. I enjoy reading the correspondence. My teacher's name is Mr. Rydall. I have two sisters younger than myself, one is seven and the other five. We have two horses and three cows and three calves. We have thirty old hens and fifty young chickens and fifteen young ducks. I am in the third reader.

BLANCHE J. E. (aged 10).

Sydenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger' from other little boys and girls, so I thought I would write one too. I like the 'Little Folks' and the Correspondence best, but my sister likes the 'Boys and Girls' and the temperance. I go to school, and am in the Third Reader. I got promoted in June. I am reading 'In His Steps,' and I think it is very interesting. I have read 'Winnie's Golden Key,' and this key was kindness. I have only seen two letters from Sydenham, and I hope others will write now.

EDITH (aged 9).

Rydal, Republic Co., Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Rydal, so I will write one. I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger,' the Correspondence especially. I saw in one of the letters a little girl wanted to know what kind of flowers grew in the Dominion. The first flower that comes out in the spring is the daisy, and the colors are pink, white and blue. Next come wild violets. There are not very many wild flowers here; we have the sunflower, which blooms in July mostly; there are more of them than of any thing else; of course, this is the sunflower state. If this letter does not find its way to the waste-basket, perhaps I will write again.

MAUD T. (aged 13).

Camborne.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Camborne, I thought I would write one. I am eleven years old, and have been to school since I was seven years old. This summer holidays I tried for the Junior Fourth, but do not know whether I passed or not. I have seven sisters and one brother. My papa bought a farm over three years ago, and my brother works it. Papa takes the 'Witness,' my brother the 'Messenger,' I could not do without it. Papa is away painting almost all the time. He is now painting the Baltimore Church.

We have eighteen head of cattle, three horses and a number of pigs. I live between two lakes, Rice Lake, which is six miles north of us, and Lake Ontario, six miles south of us. We are Methodists, and go to church and Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a nice church about a quarter of a mile away. Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain an interested reader of your paper.

MAY P.

Port Le Hebert, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mother has been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for five years. I think it is a nice paper. I have eight sisters and three brothers. I live by the sea shore; it is a pleasant place in summer; we go rowing and sailing and catching fish. We have no school now, our school-house was burned down. We have meeting, but no Sunday-school. MARGARET G.

Portage la Prairie.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I am in the fourth reader. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two or three years, and we like it very much. I have four sisters and three brothers, and one little baby brother in heaven. Our church is not very far from our place, so we don't have very far to go. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Baker. He is a very nice man. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hooper. She is a lovely teacher. First my mother was my teacher, then Mrs. Lowrie and then Miss Hooper. Our Sunday-school is going to have a picnic. They have not quite decided when to have it. NELLIE W.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints For Girls Making Visits

When the note of invitation from your friend arrives, the first thing to do is to answer it, setting the day and the train when she may expect you. She probably mentioned the first in her invitation, and enclosed a time-table so that you might select your train. Having decided on this, keep your engagement. Do not allow a slight inconvenience, or an invitation elsewhere, or a caprice; to let you change your plan. Go when you are expected, and stay as long as you are asked to stay. An invitation usually mentions whether your friend would like you to come for a week, or ten days, or a fortnight, or it may read thus: 'Please give us the great pleasure of a visit from you. Come on Friday afternoon and stay until Tuesday,' or on 'Monday, and help us celebrate Louise's birthday, which occurs on Tuesday; we will hope to keep you with us until Friday.' It is very much pleasanter to know for how long you are invited than to have it left uncertain; but when no time is mentioned, one takes it for granted that a week will cover the period of the visit.

A girl will find her pretty travelling dress, with a jacket, and a neat little hat, suitable for walking, driving, and sight-seeing while away from home. She must be sure that her boots and gloves are in dainty order, without missing buttons. For use in company, afternoon teas, evenings, little gatherings of friends at dinner, or any fete to which she is invited, a pretty waist of silk or chiffon and a skirt of silk or fine wool will be appropriate. In packing waists use plenty of soft white tissue-paper, so that they will come out uninjured at the journey's end. Your mother will provide you with a simple evening gown, if she thinks it needful, and a girl never looks sweeter than in simple white muslin or in a white gown of some sort. With the white gown must be white shoes, and house gowns of all kinds need dainty foot-gear.

Now then forgive me, but when going on a visit never omit your night-gowns, changes of underclothing, stockings and handkerchiefs in abundance. A lady is never unprovided with enough of these essentials. Take your own comb and brush, your tooth-powder, tooth-brush, cold cream and all the little toilet accessories which you like to have at home. Supply yourself with pins, the common kind and the sheath kind, and have your needle and threads in case of a rent to be mended.—'Harper's Round Table.'

Walking For Health.

To derive benefit from the exercise of walking, it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt, and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins. This sort of walking exhilarates the whole body and produces healthful fatigue. To lessen the fatigue of walking upstairs, step leisurely and hold the body erect.

The following is taken from 'M'Cheyne from the Pew : ' — 'In the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, a lady happened to be staying at one of the hotels there. Something had irritated her, and she launched forth against professing Christians as just a lot of hypocrites. She would not believe any of them. They would cheat wherever and whenever they could. "Well," said one who was patiently listening to this tirade, "did you never, in all your life, see one Christian, one follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, you believed in ?" There was a pause. Then the lady, in a calmer voice, said, "Yes, I saw one—a man—a minister in this hotel—a tall spare man from Scotland. He was a man of God, I watched him, and felt that he was a genuine Christian. His very look did me good." That minister was Robert Murray M'Cheyne. His holy, consistent life was telling in that hotel among people he had never seen before, and many whom he would never see again. Christianity thus lived tells.'

Savory Items.

Instead of roasting the whole of a leg of mutton, we cut off about six inches from the end, trim off the meat and treat it like the veal; but instead of carrot and parsley and tapioca, we seasoned the mutton with a cup of strained tomato and a cup of parboiled macaroni.

The mutton is taken from the stew before serving, and made into croquettes, or added to a tablespoonful of flour browned in a tablespoon of butter and a cup of boiling water, thus forming a savory mixture to be served on slices of toast.

But our best stews are made without any regular 'soup bone.' In ordering beef, veal or mutton steak or chops for a family of five, one-fourth of a pound extra is bought. This amount is set aside raw with such bones as can be cut out, and bits of grisly lean and of fat. Add also all that remains on the platter and in the gravy boat. Brown the raw meat in hot butter, and if it is beef, also a finely cut onion, pepper and salt to taste; add two quarts of warm water and a cup of mashed or creamed potatoes; plan to have this quantity left at the meal before the stew is made. Sliced potatoes parboiled may be used, of course, but the others are much better. A little Worcestershire or home-made Chili sauce gives a pleasant added flavor to this beef steak stew.

The processes for making stews which have been described, each result in a savory and satisfying dish very different from the rank or insipid combination of a big raw soup bone with water and raw vegetables. The main point of difference between a good and a poor stew lies in that word 'raw.'

Half the quantity of meat first browned in butter will give not only much more of the meat taste but a far better flavor than the raw soup bone commonly used. Secondly, adding raw potatoes, carrots, rice, macaroni or tapioca to stew imparts a pasty, disagreeable taste. This is from the raw starch, freed in the first stage of boiling. Hence the need for pouring away this starchy water, so that the parboiled vegetables can give their proper flavor to the stew. They should be put into plenty of boiling, salted water, and when half done drained in a colander, and cold water poured on. This keeps the separated parts from mushing up, that is, leaves the little pipes of macaroni and kernels of tapioca and rice whole, though tender.

Long and gentle boiling for several hours is needed to extract the goodness of the materials of a stew into the water, and render it rich and appetizing. Of course, the parboiled vegetables should not be added until about an hour before the stew is done, or they would be overdone.

Different vegetables and meats may be combined in a great number of ways; but as parsley and carrot are pungent, and veal has little distinctive flavor, they supply this lack. Or, with your veal use the cut up tops of a bunch of celery, and instead of tapioca, a cup of boiled peas, mashed fine.

Beef steak, being rich, is best supplemented by neutral potato; with onion and Worcestershire sauce for zest. Mutton, being so greasy, needs the counteracting acid of tomato, and nothing combines better with tomato than macaroni, though rice makes a close second.

A little celery seed adds a pleasant flavor to any stew, and some milk and cream never come amiss, added just before serving.

Corn is apt to be hard and tasteless if put in in whole kernels. Crushed first in a vegetable press, it is good, as are also beans treated in the same way. All gravy, except, of course, that of fish or ham, adds much to the richness of stew, and 'little dabs' so often thrown away should be saved for the stew dinner, which by a little planning and painstaking may and should be rescued from its undeserved unpopularity.—Clara Porter Colton in 'Christian at Work.'

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